

## Chapter 21 Still By Your Side

Lily approached him slowly, settling herself by the sofa, quietly observing the unconscious figure of Xavier.

She had to admit that this man possessed a face that could be the crowning achievement of an artist—with mesmerizing, profound eyes, elegantly arched brows, a sharply sculpted nose reminiscent of fine craftsmanship.

No wonder that Grace couldn't erase him from her memory!

Lily couldn't resist extending her hand, yearning to caress his cheeks, but abruptly she heard him uttering incoherent words.

"I'm sorry... I shouldn't have treated you that way... Grace... I'm sorry!"

Her movement came to a halt, her gaze fixated upon him.

In that moment, Xavier's expression bore the pangs of anguish—his graceful brows furrowed, and beads of perspiration trickled down his forehead, evidence of him enduring the pain silently.

Lily retrieved a tissue, intending to help him wipe off sweat, only to witness him suddenly stir, sitting up from the sofa. Then came a retching sound, followed by a splatter.

Startled, Lily's eyes widened as she focused on the floor, where a pool of blood lay.

Blood?! Good heavens, it was indeed a pool of blood!

Lily cast a shocked glance upon Xavier. Though he had just vomited blood, he appeared to fall into a slumber as nonchalantly as if nothing had occurred.

Lily was plagued with hesitation. Should she call the doctor to give him a check? After a moment's contemplation, she finally rose from her seat and departed the room.

When Xavier regained consciousness, he found himself still in this private room. However, his headache had intensified. Raising a

hand, he massaged his temples, inadvertently catching sight of a bottle of liquor resting on the table.

Lily pushed open the door to the private room, only to witness Xavier indulging in alcohol once more. His gaze carried a faint hint of inebriation, implying that he had drunk a considerable amount.

"Why are you drinking again?" Lily put down the glass she held, making a move to seize his bottle, only to be deftly evaded.

She adopted a stern expression and reproached him, "Last night, you drank to the point of vomiting blood, and now that you've slightly recovered, you resume drinking. Are you trying to kill yourself?"

Xavier halted his drinking and stared ahead, mustering a bitter smile. "She's gone, so what does it matter if I'm alive or dead?"

Lily felt a jolt in her heart. Could this man be so deeply affected by Grace's death that he no longer cared about his own life?

Grace, even after you're gone, you still trouble his heart. Look at what you've turned this man into!

A pang of sadness gripped Lily's heart, and her eyes involuntarily moistened.

She sniffled and soothed him. "Yes, Grace may be physically gone, but who's to say her spirit isn't watching over you somewhere? Do you think she would be happy seeing you give up on yourself like this?"

"No soul remains after death. There are no ghosts or spirits in this world. You're lying to me. There's only... an empty shell left... Ha..." Xavier's expression became somewhat manic.

"You're wrong. As long as she lives in your heart, she will always be by your side!"

Xavier stared blankly ahead. "Is that so? Will Grace be there?" Suddenly, he turned to Lily, his gaze desperate. "But why doesn't she even come into my dreams? Not even once..."

Lily let out a sigh, and tears finally streamed down her face.

"You need to be patient. Perhaps she's lost her way and can't find you." Her coaxing tone resembled that of comforting a child. "Go home and get a good night's sleep. When you wake up, everything will be better. I know Grace well, and she wouldn't want to see you like this. So, in order to give her peace, you must take care of yourself too."

Xavier blinked his eyes, his eyes bloodshot but slightly more bright than before. He nodded slightly.

## Chapter 22 A Murder Plan

Inside a private villa in the coastal villa area of Australia...

The television was playing the news about plane crash, which had been played repeatedly by someone throughout the day.

The televised scene unfolded with a flurry of police officers and government officials bustling around the crash site, the anguished cries of bereaved families, and... a familiar man who rushed into the site crazily.

A woman curled up on the sofa, covering a cozy blanket, shivering involuntarily. Despite the warm sunshine casting its glow through the window upon her, an icy chill still seized her entire being.

Tears filled her bright eyes, and it couldn't tell whether it's out of fear or because of seeing that man in television.

As the door creaked open, a man entered, yet she remained unaware.

Then, a hand picked up the remote and turned off the television. All of a sudden tranquility enveloped the room.

Concerns emerged from the man's eyes. He strode to the woman sitting on the sofa, tenderly hugging her in arms. "You've repeatedly played it for a whole day."

A subtle fragrance lingered about her, yet her body remained cold. He tucked her hands in the blanket, wishing to warm her body.

"I'm fine." She nestled softly against his sturdy frame, akin to a docile kitty seeking solace.

In that fleeting moment, the man's heart softened, as he tenderly caressed her hair. He basked in the sheer bliss of the present, gazing upon the precious girl cradled within his arms.

"Grace, it's a sunny day today. Don't keep staying indoors. Oh, hey, and, I have good news to tell you. Jam's condition has

improved!" Maude tried to lighten his tone.

"Really?" Grace's eyes sparkled with delight. "What did the doctor say?"

"The doctor wants us to come right away. But you must have some food first, or else you won't be able to go anywhere." Maude said, smiling as he playfully tapped her nose.

Grace buried her head in his arms, and a muffled voice came out. "Maude, thank you. If it weren't for you, Jam and I would have..." She didn't continue, as just the thought of that scene made her shudder.

"Silly girl, do you know? Being able to be by your side is the greatest luck in my life."

Grace was deeply moved. Maude's voice was gentle and soothing, as if it had dispelled some of the darkness in her heart. However, the memory of that dangerous day still haunted her.

Half a month ago, she had packed everything and was ready to leave. But on the night before her flight, Maude suddenly found her and said he had something crucial to tell her.

She had known this man a long time ago, but they hadn't seen each other for many years. His sudden appearance left her a bit stunned. However, his words that followed left her in disbelief.

"Grace are you taking a private plane tomorrow to go abroad?"

Grace hesitated and nodded.

"You absolutely don't board that private plane. It's dangerous."

"Why are you saying so?"

"Someone wants to kill you." Maude said bluntly.

Grace's heart trembled, and she turned pale, unable to comprehend what was happening. So, Maude went on to explain the whole story in detail.